

MODERN ECCENTRICS.

Mr. Whalley was elected for Newcastle, 1786, before he was of age, which was not unusual in Ireland; he sat for it to 1790; and for Ennisconry from 1797 to June, 1800. He acquired the sobriquet of Jerusalem Whalley in consequence of a bet, said to have been £20,000, that he would walk (except where a sea-passage was unavoidable) to Jerusalem, and back within twelve months. He started September 22, 1788, and returned June 1, 1789, having played ball against the walls of the Holy City.

Lord Cloncurry describes Whalley as a perfect specimen of the gentleman of the golden time. Gallant, reckless, and profuse, he made no account of money, limb, or life, when a feat was to be won, or a daring deed to be attempted. He spent a fine fortune in pursuits not more profitable than the extraction of a cataract from Jerusalem, and rendered himself a cripple for life by jumping from the drawing-room window of Daly's club house, on College Green, Dublin, on to the roof of a hackney-coach which was passing.

Whalley, "Buck Whalley" as he was sometimes called, is stated to have been the founder of the Hell-fire Club. Having a taste for the fine arts, and means to gratify it, he accumulated a large number of valuable paintings in his mansion at Stephens Green, Dublin, of which the following account has appeared in the Dublin University Magazine:—"In the centre of the south side of St. Stephen's Green stands a noble building, with a large stone lion rearing over the entrance, and a grassy ledge and rail encroached on by grass and weeds. This mansion belonged to the great Buck Whalley, and witnessed many a noble feast and mad carousal during the vicereignty of the Duke of Buckingham. At last, when all the pleasures that could be procured by wine and women were tried, and found to result in satiety and disgust, and his sailor and wine-merchant began to disturb him, he sought new excitement in his £20,000 wager, which has just been described.

"A hand, he contributed to a collection of political squibs, entitled 'Both Sides of the Gunter,' and the ground work of the expedition; it is entitled 'Whalley's Embarkation, to the tune of 'Buriald Gigue.'"

The lawless behavior of the young man which he has become so famous for, and less agreeable appellation, "Bever-Backed Whalley," is his residence on Stephens Green, in 1855, converted into a nursery. Sir John Barrington states that £4000 was paid to Mr. Whalley by Mr. Gould, M. P., for Kilbeggan.

"THE PRINCESS CARABOO." Early in the year 1865 there died at Bristol a female of considerable personal attractions, whose early history was amusing enough, yet took a strong hold upon credulous persons half a century since. She pretended to be a native Javanese, in the Indian Ocean, and to have been carried off by pirates, by whom she had been sold to the captain of a brig. Her first appearance was in the spring of 1817, at Almondsbury, in Gloucestershire. Having been ill-used when on board the ship, she had jumped overboard, she said, swam on shore, and wandered about six weeks before she came to Almondsbury. She appears next to have found her way to Bath, and there to have created a sensation in the literary and fashionable circles of the city and other places, which lasted till it was discovered that the whole affair was a romance cleverly sustained and acted on by a young and prepossessing girl, who sought to maintain the imposture by the invention of grotesque and characters to represent her native language.

In 1817, there was published at Bristol a narrative of this singular imposture, "practised upon the benevolence of the public, in the vicinity of Bristol by a young woman of the name of Mary Wilcocks, alias Baker, alias Baker-stead, alias Caraboo, Princess of Javasu;" for which work Bird, the royal academical, drew two portraits.

It was ascertained that she was a native of Wiltshire, in Devonshire, where her father was a cobbler. She appears to have taken flight to America, and in 1824 she returned to England, and lived in apartments in New Bond Street, where she exhibited to the public at the charge of one shilling; but she did not attract any great attention.

On being deposed from the honors which had been awarded to her, "the Princess" retired into comparative obscurity, and married. She was a kind of grim humor in the occupation which she subsequently followed—that of an importer of leeches; but she conducted her operations with much judgment and ability, and carried on her trade with credit and satisfaction to her customers. The young man "Princess" died, leaving a daughter, who, like her mother, is described as very beautiful.

There is also a very strange story of the Princess having got an introduction to Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena, in the following account appeared in Felix Parley's Bristol Journal, September 13, 1817:—"A letter from Sir Hudson Lowe, lately returned from St. Helena, forms at present the leading topic of conversation in the higher circles. It states that on the 24th of the date of the last despatches, a large ship was discovered in the offing. The wind was strong from the south-south-east. After several hours' tacking, with apparent intention to reach the island, the vessel was seen to stand away to the north-west, and in the course of an hour the boat was seen entering the harbor. It was rowed by a single person. Sir Hudson went alone to the beach, and to his astonishment saw a female of interesting appearance spring to land. She stated that she had sailed from Bristol, under the care of some missionary ladies, in a vessel called the Robert and Anne, Captain Robinson, destined for Philadelphia; that the vessel being driven out of its course by a tempest which continued several successive days, the crew at length perceived land, which the captain recognized to be St. Helena; that she immediately conceived an ardent desire of seeing the man with whose native fortunes she was connected, and her own was mysteriously connected; and her breast swelling with the prospect of contemplating face to face an impostor not equalled on earth since the days of Mohammed; but a change of wind to the south-south-east nearly overruled her hopes. Finding the captain resolved to proceed according to the original destination, she watched her opportunity, and springing with a large clasp-knife into a small boat which was slung at the stern, she cut the ropes, dropped silently into the ocean, and rowed away. The wind was too strong from the land to allow of the vessel being brought about to thwart her object. Sir Hudson introduced her to Bonaparte under the name of Caraboo! She described herself as Princess of Javasu, and related a tale of extraordinary interest, which seemed to have the degree to delight the captive chief. He embraced her with every demonstration of enthusiastic rapture, and besought Sir Hudson that she might be allowed an apartment in his house, declaring that she alone was an adequate solace in his captivity.

"Sir Hudson's suspicions.—The familiar acquaintance with the Malay tongue possessed by this most extraordinary personage (and there many on the island who understand that language), together with the knowledge she displayed of the Indian and Chinese politics, and the eagerness with which she speaks of these subjects, appear to convince every one that she is no impostor. Her manner is noble and fascinating in a wonderful degree. A private letter adds the following testimony to the above statements:—"Since the arrival of this lady, the manners, and I may say the countenance and figure of Bonaparte, appear to be wholly altered. From being reserved and dejected, he has become gay and communicative. No more complaints are heard about incognitiveness at Longwood. He has intimated to Sir Hudson his determination to apply to the Pope for a dispensation to dissolve his marriage; with Maria, and to marry the lady, who is inseparably united with the enchanting Caraboo."

However, corroboration of this strange story is wanting.

"DOG JENNINGS." This eccentric character, Henry Constantine Jennings, was born in 1731, and was the son of a gentleman possessed of a large estate at Ship-lake, in Oxfordshire. He was educated at Westminster School, and at the age of seventeen years became an ensign in the 1st regiment of Foot Guards. He held the commission but a short time, and on resigning it went to Italy in company with Lord Mombert, son of the Duke of Montagu.

While at Rome young Jennings commenced his first collection of articles of vertu, and ever after was known by the coarse and vulgar name of "Dog Jennings," in consequence of a circumstance which he thus relates:—"I happened one day to be strolling along the streets of Rome, and perceiving the shop of a statuary in an obscure street, I entered it, and began to look around for any curious production of art. I perceived a large and somewhat uncommon, at least, but being partly concealed behind a heap of rubbish, I could not contemplate it with any degree of accuracy. After all impediments had been length removed, the marble statue I had been poking for was dragged high and dry, proved to be a large but fat dog—and a dog it was, and a lucky dog was I to discover and to purchase it. On turning it round, I perceived it was without a tail—this gave me a hint. I also saw that the limbs were nicely finished, and the figure was noble; that the sculpture, in short, was worthy of the best age of Athens; and that it must be the age of Alcibiades, whose favorite dog it certainly was. I struck a bargain instantly for the dog for 400 scudi; and as the muzzie alone was somewhat managed, I paid the artist a trifle more for repairing it. It was carefully packed, and being sent to England after me, by the time it reached my house in Oxfordshire it had just cost me £20. I wish all my other bargains had been like this. I exceeded my original estimate, as I will tell you by the consignment, by more than one of whom I was bid £1000 for my purchase. In truth, by a person sent, I believe from Bremen, I was offered £1200. But I would not part with my dog; I had bought it for myself, and I like to content my plate his fine proportions and admire him on all his leisure, for he was doubly dear to me, as being my own property and my own selection."

At the Literary Club, one evening, Jennings' dog was the subject of discussion. Some well-known persons:—"I have been looking at this famous antique marble dog of Mr. Jennings, valued at a thousand guineas, said to be Alcibiades' dog."—"Johnston." "His tail then must be docked. That is the mark of Alcibiades' dog."—"A thousand guineas! He is worth no more than a dog, whatever is worth so much. At this rate a dead dog would, indeed, be better than a living lion."—"Johnston." "Sir, it is not the worth of the thing, but of the skill in forming it, which is so highly estimated. Anything that enlarges the sphere of human power, that allows man to do what he thought he could not do, is valuable."

But, Mr. Jennings, like many other collectors, owing to a reverse of fortune, was compelled in 1778 to break up his collection, which being sold by auction, the dog of Alcibiades, which knocked down for 1000 guineas, and became the property of Mr. Duncombe, M. P. It is now at Duncombe Park, in Yorkshire, the seat of Lord Fitzroy.

It is painful to read that the latter days of Mr. Jennings were spent in the King's Bench; and within the rules of that prison he died February 17, 1819, at his lodgings in Beveldeere Place, St. George's Fields, in his eighty-eighth year.

"WALKING STEWART." Early in the year 1821, London lost one of its famous eccentrics, who rejoiced in the above distinction, which, it must be admitted, he had fairly earned. He was one of the lions of the great town, and his ubiquitous restless nature has been thus ingeniously sketched:—"Who, that ever weathered his way over Westminster Bridge, has not seen Walking Stewart (his invariable cognomen) sitting in the recess on the brow of the bridge, spencered up to his throat and down to his hips with a sort of garment planned, it would seem, to stand powder as a coat, the habit of a military man; his dirty, dusty inexpressible (truly inexpressible), his boots, travel-stained, black up to his knees—and yet not black neither—but arant walkers, both of them, or their complexions belied them; his aged, but strongly-marked, manly, air-bitten face, steady as truth; and his large, irregular, dusty hat, that seemed to be of one mold with the boots? We say, who does not thus remember Walking Stewart, sitting, and leaning on his stick as though he had never walked in his life, and taken his seat on the bridge at his birth, and had grown old in his sedentary habit? To be sure this view of him is rather negative; but as strong a remembrance of him in the same spencer and accompaniment of hair powder and dust, resting on a bench in the Park, with an eternal name; nor will the memory let him keep a quiet, constant seat here or there; recalling him, as she is wont, in his shuffling, slow promulgation of the Strand, or Charing Cross, or Cockspur street. Where really was he? You saw him on Westminster Bridge, acting his own monument. You went to the Park—he was there! fixed as the gentleman at Charing Cross. You met him, however, at Charing Cross, creeping on like the lizard on a wall, upon a dial, and resting up and his time at once! Indeed, his ubiquity appeared enormous, and yet not so enormous as the profundity of his sitting habits. He was a profound sticer. Could the Pythagorean system be maintained, what other world now be tenanted by Walking Stewart? He was always going, like a lot at auction, and yet always a stand, like a hackney-coach! Oh, what a walk was his to christen a boy! A slow, lazy, scraping, gazing pace—a shuffle—a walk in the dust, and at a stand-still—yet was he a pleasant man to meet? We remember his face distinctly, and allowing a little for its northern hardness, it was certainly as wise as kindly, and as handsome a face as ever crossed the shoulders of a soldier, a scholar, and a student."

"Well! Walking Stewart is dead! He will no more be seen niched in Westminster Bridge, or keeping his terms as one of the benches of St. James' Park, or painting the pavement with mingled and unlit feet. In vain we looked for him at the hour when he was wont to walk. The niche in the bridge is empty of its available statue, and as he is gone from this spot he has gone from all, for he was ever all in all! Three persons seem departed in him. In him there seems to have been a triple death!"

We are tempted "to consecrate a passage" to him, as John Bunce expresses it, from a tiny pamphlet, entitled "The Life and Adventures of the celebrated Walking Stewart, including his travels in the East Indies, Turkey, Germany, and America; and the author, who is a high contrived to outdo his subject in getting over the ground, for he manages to close his work at the end of the sixteenth page!

John Stewart, or Walking Stewart, was born of two Scotch parents, in 1749, in London, and was in 1769 sent to attend to the Charter House, where he established himself as a dancer—no bad promise in a boy, we think! He left school and was sent to India, where his character and energies unfolded themselves. He gradually turned his mind, for his mind was unshackled by education.

He resolved to assume £3000, and then return to England. No bad resolve! To attain this he quitted the company's service, and entered that of Her Majesty. He now turned soldier, and became a lieutenant. His talents were easily made and unmade. Stewart behaved well and bravely, and paid his regiment without drawbacks, which made him popular. Becoming somewhat "sotish," and having to great faith in Hyden's surgeons, he begged leave to join the English for medical advice. Hyden gave a Polonus kind of her admission, quietly determining to cut the traveller and his journey as short as possible, for his own sake and that of the Army, and taking a sure opportunity of cutting his company before they could cut him, he popped into a river, literally swam for his life,

reached the bank, ran before his hunters like an antelope, and arrived safely at the European fort. He got in breathless, and lived. He was cured of his wounds in thus told by Colonel Wilks in his "Sketches of the South of India:—"An English gentleman commanded one of the corps, and was most severely wounded, after a desperate resistance; others in the same happy situation met with friends or persons of the same caste to procure for them the rude aid offered by Indian surgery. The Englishman was destitute of this poor advantage; his wounds were washed with warm water by an attendant by three or four times a day, and under this novel system of surgery they recovered with a rapidity not exceeded under the best hospital treatment."

A writer in the Quarterly Review, 1817, happened to be in the company of the following:—"This English gentleman is the person distinguished by the name of Walking Stewart, who, after the lapse of half a century, is still alive, and still, we believe, wearing daily, in the neighborhood of Haymarket and Charing Cross."

Hitherto, Stewart had served little, and he now entered the Nabob of Arcot's service, and became prime minister, the memoir does not say how. At length he took leave of India, and travelled over Persia and the East Indies, and returned to England, where he was warmly received. He brought home money, and commenced his London life in an Armenian dress, to attract attention.

He next visited America, and on his return, "made the tour of Scotland, Germany, Italy and France, on foot, and ultimately settled in Paris," where he made friends. He intended to travel to America, but his money, which he had French property, he smelt the air of the Revolution, and retreated as fast as possible, losing considerable property in his flight. He returned to London, and suddenly and unexpectedly received £10,000 from the India Company, which he used to pay off his debts of the Nabob of Arcot. He bought annuities, and attended his yearly income. The relative says:—"One of his annuities was purchased from the County Fire Office, at a rate which, in the end, was proved to have been paid three, and nearly four times over. He was here completely at fault; every quarter brought Mr. Stewart regularly to the cashier, whom he accosted with, 'Well, man! I am come for my money!' which Stewart enjoyed as the windmill."

Mr. Stewart now lived in better style, gave dinners and musical parties. Every evening a conversation was given at his house, enlivened by music; on Sundays he had select parties, followed by a philosophical discourse, and on Wednesdays he read papers, chiefly selected from the works of Handel, and concluding with the "Dead March in Saul," which was always received by the company as the signal for their departure.

Stewart was attached to King George IV, and lived peacefully until the arrival of Queen Caroline, when her deputations and political movements alarmed Stewart and awakened his walking propensities; and his friends had great difficulty to prevent him from going to America.

Stewart had been married, which he went to Margate, returned, became worse, and on Ash Wednesday he died.

To all entreaties from friends that he would write his travels, he replied no—that his were the words of his mind. He, however, wrote essays and gave lectures on the philosophy of the mind, and it is very odd that men will not tell what they know, and will attempt to talk of what they do not know.

"BARON WARD'S REMARKABLE CAREER." Perhaps no man of modern times passed a more varied and romantic life than the famed Yorkshire groom, statesman and friend of sovereigns, and who played so prominent a part at the Court of Parma; his career exemplifying the adage that truth is stranger than fiction.

Thomas Ward was born at York, on the 9th of October, 1810, where he was brought up in the stable, but was shrewd and intelligent, far beyond boys of his own station.

He left Yorkshire a boy in the pay of Prince Liechtenstein, and in his four years' successful career on the turf, at Vienna, as a jockey, he became employed by the reigning Duke of Lucca. He was, at Lucca, promoted from the stable to the post of groom, and he steadily and bravely performed up to 1846. About that period he was made Master of the Horse to the Ducal Court, when he caused extraordinary changes in that department; the stable expenses were reduced, and he gave a check to the Duke's stud was the envy and admiration of all his courtiers. Eventually, he became Minister of the Household and Minister of Finance; he acquired a diplomatic dignity in the disturbances which preceded the revolutionary year 1848, and was despatched to Florence, to confer with the Emperor of Austria, the highest importance. This had no less an object than the delivery, to the Grand Duke, of his master's abdication of the Lucchese principality. At first the Grand Duke hesitated to receive, in the Court of Parma, any other statesman, or even heard in relation to the ruler of the Ducal State. But our envoy had seen and provided for his pocket a commission, making him Viceroy of the Duke's estates, which was to be acted upon by the Grand Duke, and he was accordingly received, and refused to receive Ward as Ambassador of the States of Parma, at the capital of the Medici; this, of course, ended all difficulties.

Ward held the above offices until the Duke's rise as violent monarch, by the great revolution of 1848. With great difficulty he was obliged to retire to an estate near Dresden called Weis-trop. At this period Ward became an active agent of Austria, and as Austria triumphed, he was made Minister of Finance at Parma and Piacenza; but the Duke, disgusted by his experience, resigned in favor of his own son, with whom the minister retained the same favor and exhibited the same talents that had raised him to distinction, being more than a match for the Duke's son. He was sent to Vienna, upon one occasion he was despatched to Vienna as an envoy from his little Court, when he astonished Schwarzenberg by the extent of his capacity. His acquaintance was specially cultivated by the Emperor, Metternich, and Prince Metternich, who appears to have been very fond of the night hams, an English gentleman, supping one night at the Russian Ambassador's, complimented him upon the excellence of the ham. "There is a member of our diplomatic body here, who is a very respectable man, and all with hams from Yorkshire, of which county he is a native."

As prime minister, Ward negotiated the abdication of Charles II, and placed the youthful Charles III on the throne. It will be remembered, was a man of great talents, and in 1854, it should be observed that as soon as Charles III came to the throne, the then Baron Ward was sent to Germany by his patron as Minister Plenipotentiary, to represent Parma at the Congress of Vienna. He was present at the time of his royal patron's tragic end.

When the Duchess-Regent assumed state authority, Ward retired from public life, and took to agricultural pursuits in the Austrian dominions. Without any educational foundation, he conversed with the Emperor, and met the Emperor and Italian, and conducted the affairs of state with considerable cleverness, if not with remarkable straightforwardness. But the moment he attempted to express himself in English, his dialect was found to strain all the characteristics of his "night hams." Lord Palmerston once declared that Ward "was one of the most remarkable men he had ever met with."

Throughout his life, Ward was ever proud of his country, never for a moment forgetting to conceal his native birth, and he was seen in the splendid saloon of the Prime Minister of Parma.

Baron Ward was married to an humble person of Vienna, and she bore him three children. He left four children. From the time he rose to the highest offices of a little kingdom, at a period of great European political interest, and died in retirement, pursuing the rustic occupation of a farmer, carrying with him to the grave many curious state secrets.

The following is a partial list only of the honors to which Ward attained:—Baron of the Duchy of Lucca, and of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany; Knight of the First Class of the Order of St. Louis of Lucca; Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Joseph of Tuscany; Knight Senator Grand Cross of the Order of St. George Constantiano of Parma; and Noble with the title of Baron, in Tuscany; Honorary Count of the State to his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Tuscany; Minister and Counsellor of State to H. R. H. Charles Duke of Parma, &c.

A COSTLY NOISE-MAKING. Fifty years ago there lived in Edward street, Portman Square, one Pagamentier, confectioner to the Prince Regent. From his emporium, and that of Romauld in Duke street, the routs given in the neighboring squares were amply supplied. In this quarter lived keepers of china and glass shops, who undertook, at a few hours' notice, to furnish all the moveables and ornaments for large rooms, as chairs, tables, china and glass, knives and forks, extra plate, looking-glasses, mirrors, girandoles, chandeliers, wax lights, candelabra lamps, Aurlian shades, transparencies, vases, and other decorative items, for a complete suite of rooms; together with exotics and green home-plants, and a corps of artists to chalk the floors. It was by his almost magical aid that the Earl of Shrewsbury gave his magnificent house-warming to the *haut ton* at his new mansion in Bryanstone Square, which was then in so unfinished a state that the walls in many of the apartments were not even plastered. To the astonishment and delight of the guests, the mansion was not only opened, and every room was furnished and decorated in the most superb style. The principal drawing-room, with its numerous lamps and large looking-glasses, appeared one blaze of glory. In contrast to such another room, in a sombre gloom, resembling a chamber of horrors, strange and lemon trees and myrtles, part natural and part artificial. The amusements consisted of a dramatic representation, a concert, a ball, a masquerade, and a sumptuous supper, was provided for the guests. These elegant festivities cost the Earl several thousand pounds.

In the same neighborhood, at the corner of George street, Mohammed, a native of Asia, opened a house for giving dinners in the Hindustani style. All the dishes were dressed with currie-powder, rice, cayenne, and the finest spices of Arabia. A room was set apart for smoking from hookahs with Oriental pipes. The rooms were furnished with chairs and sofas, and the walls were hung with Chinese pictures and other Asiatic embellishments. Either Sidi Mohammed's capital was not sufficient to stand the slow test of public encouragement, or the scheme failed at once; for Sidi became bankrupt, and the undertaking was relinquished.

DICK ENGLAND, THE GAMBLER. Towards the close of the last century one of the most noted gamblers and blacklegs in the metropolis was Dick England. His usual haunt was the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, where he was accustomed to look out for raw, Irishmen coming to town by the coaches, when he soon enabled him to keep an elegant house in St. Alban's street, where he engaged masters to teach him accomplishments to it him for polite life. In 1779 and 1783, he kept a good table, sported his *vis-a-vis*, and was reckoned a choice in the hackney-coach, a sum nearly equal to 200 guineas in the present day. Another of his haunts was Munday's Coffee House, in Maiden Lane, where he generally presided at a *table d'ote*, and by his finesse and being at times the most successful player, he was unguardedly exposed some of his own characteristic traits, which his self-possession generally enabled him to conceal. His conduct among men of family was, however, generally guarded; and he was resolute in enforcing payment of the sums he won.

One evening he met a young tradesman at a house in Leicester Fields to have an hour's play, for which he gave a banker's draft, but he was not to be taken in so easily. He was thrown, when he soon repented, and he had lost as much as he had in revenue. It now being past three in the morning, England proposed that they should retire; but the tradesman, suspecting he was tricked, refused payment of what he had lost.

England then tripped up his heels, rolled him in the carpet, took a case-knife from the side-board, flourished it over the young man, and at once cut off his long hair close to the scalp. Dreading worse, he gave a check for the amount and wished England good morning.

England fought a duel at Crauford Bridge in 1784, with Mr. Le Roule, a brewer, from Kingston, from whom England had won a large sum. The duel was fought on the 12th of March, 1784, and which was being paid, led to the duel, which Le Roule was killed. England fled to Paris and was outlawed; but it is reported that early in the Revolution he furnished some useful intelligence to the army in the campaign in Flanders, for which he was rewarded with a pension of £1000. He was twelve years in the army, and he was pensioned, and once ordered to the guillotine, but pardoned through the exertion and influence of one of the Convention, who also procured for him a passport for home. After an absence of twelve years he returned to England, and being paid, led to the duel, which Le Roule was killed. 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